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"It has been often repeated that art is an imitation of nature. Whatever may be the sense attached to this word imitation, it will not be disputed that art borrows from nature a large portion of the elements she makes use of. The greater part of art creations have their models or their visible prototypes in the real world. Besides, man is himself, partially at least, a natural being, and the external world serves as a base and condition for the development of his faculties. Now, man *sees and feels beauty before producing it, and he necessarily sees it first in nature*. There he must go to search for it, and there to *study it*, in the beginning.

"To study the Beautiful, is to look upon its birth and progress, and in its various stages endeavor to seize upon the conditions of its existence and the law of its development. We have only to open our eyes in order to recognize that the beautiful and the sublime are spread over all nature in profusion, while the simplest observation shows us that these elements have not everywhere the same character nor the same degree of value. The beauties of inorganic nature; for example, are not the same as those of organized beings. And in the countless variety of nature's phenomena does there not exist some regular connection, some gradation, some law of order? Are they not bound together in some manner to the ascending progression of nature itself in its various kingdoms? Such are the first questions to examine. But in this relation, whatever may be the result of our investigations, we shall soon recognize that the exterior world presents us only half of the problem to be solved, and that to complete it we must fall back upon ourselves, and see upon what conditions we receive within us the impression of the beautiful, so as to feel it and to reflect upon it. Nature, deprived as she is of the element of a reflective conscience, produces and possesses the beautiful unknowingly. Now what is beauty if it be not absorbed by an intelligence which both comprehends and is sensitive to it?"

So say we. The first essential is to recognize the sensations produced by Beauty, and afterwards to reflect upon and increase the number of its external sources. It seems to us that the principle laid down by M. Pictet is not at all metaphysical, on the contrary a very common-sense one. Man is one thing and the outward world is another, and as man uses the images of the external world, in his declarations that he sees something beautiful, let him confine his words and actions to the world of beauty that delights him, and not leave it for the less perfect development of his own brain and heart. Said an artist to a philosopher, "What a beautiful world this is!" Said the philosopher to the artist, "What a pity man is not in harmony with it!" We do not care what the mental power of a metaphysician may be, we have no desire to journey with him to the infinite—a distance as great as man's imperfection is short of God's perfection—stopping at "subjective" and "objective" stations, and discoursing about the "fulfillment of function" and "coherent ratiocinations" so long as we can travel on foot, see with our own eyes and enjoy with our own hearts the beauty that our own nature will receive and profit us. The metaphysicians are

but hares—the tortoises are certain to win the race. We say, therefore, to all who love anything that is beautiful to them, love it independently of another man's love for something else. Receive no messages from heaven by any magnetic telegraph but your own; do not be deceived by subtle theories, which are simply metaphysical fire-works—the mere sputtering of Titans that would scale the Infinite. "Truth is only acquired by an interior awakening which may be provoked but not forced. It is not a fresh minted coin which one can receive and put in his pocket; its value must be created by one's self in order to become real property."

MATTER.—Matter is the production of an Almighty intelligence, and as such, entitled to our reverence; although from a just abhorrence of many ancient, and not a few modern, errors, it has been too often regarded in a low and contemptible light. * * * * It evinces in every part and every operation the impress of a divine origin, and is the only pathway vouchsafed to our external senses, by which we can walk

"Through nature up to nature's God." that God, whom we behold equally in the painted pebble and the painted flower—in the volcano and in the cornfield—in the wild winter-storm, and in the soft summer moonlight.—J. M. Good.

There are two classes of philosophers now existing, both classes being active and numerous: those who strive to ignore matter—the transcendental, and those who abuse it—the miscalled practical men. Neither class respects, or even comprehends its use.—Ed.

COLERIDGE.—Going out he showed me in the next apartment a picture of Allston's, and told me that Montague, a picture dealer, once came to see him, and glancing towards this, said, "Well, you have got a picture!" thinking it the work of an old master; afterwards, Montague, still talking with his back to the canvas, put up his hand and touched it, and exclaimed, "By Heaven! this picture is not ten years old!"—so delicate and skillful was that man's touch.—Emerson.

THE POET.

BY THOMAS T. WATTS.

A POET dwelt in a city alone,
Alone with the surging crowd;
With their limbs of iron, and hearts of stone,
What cared they for the musical tone
Of his murmurings half aloud!

With their limbs of iron and hearts of stone,
They toiled for their precious gold;
What cared they, though in dreams he had flown,
To gather the flowers in Eden strown,
To scatter on earthly mold!

With their iron limbs, and pulseless hearts,
They steadily went their way
To the market places and merchant marts,
To count the wealth from distant parts,
And to waste another day.

With their limbs of iron and hearts so cold,
They laughed at the poet's words:
The tide of love from the soul outrolled,
"Your music is harsh to the clinking of gold,
And what do we care for your birds!"

"What do we care for your birds and your flowers,
Or the bush of the solemn wood,
Your drops of dew are not Danæ showers,
And what do we care for your vine-clad towers,
Or the rush of the mountain flood!"

With their limbs of iron, and hearts of stone,
They heeded not his cry,
Though he spoke of the seraph lands above,
Though he proved that the law of God is love;
They let him starve and die.

ON BOATS.

ANOTHER work by Ruskin!*—Being a student in the great world of nature and thought, like yourself, reader, whenever we encounter the works of a poet, high priest, thinker, philosopher, or saint, we feel the profoundest respect for him, and love to sit at the feet of his thought, and there tarry to listen and learn. But we consider the poet, high-priest, thinker, philosopher and saint only as a part of the nature he works with and upon, and freely to comprehend the operation of his mind, and judge results, we deem it necessary to possess a knowledge of the relations between his personality and the world he uses and talks about for the profit of his fellows. This element of our ignorance we must, however, wait for, being one of the utmost significance, but yet unattainable. In the meantime do not let us presume to judge, but *study*. We regard every earnest man like Ruskin, as a faithful traveller: we believe in his enthusiasm, in the clearness of his observation, and in the fidelity of his descriptions; we honor his motives, and are grateful for the information that he has procured for us. At the same time, we regard him only as a man. We do not feel bound to his sentiment, to his convictions, to the bias of his temperament, to the errors of his education, nor to the unseen, but powerful influence of his personal experience. We hold that every man possesses for himself a basis of judgment, in no wise to be controlled, or necessarily to be affected by, the same facts in the same way as the judgment of another man. The lack of confidence in our own feeling and judgment, a weakness so universally prevalent, accounts for the dogmatism and intellectual tyranny of so many energetic minds.

We doubt if there be another writer of the day like Ruskin so well calculated to arrest the attention of the general mind. He reports facts, he parades sentiment, he discusses business, science, theology, philosophy, art, and religion; he refers to the past and the future, and treats of the present, and in all these, he employs every description of rhetorical artillery that can be found in the magazines of lingual engineering. Ruskin makes one pause to consider, and, at the same time, to arm for defence; he commands conviction, and expects obedience through the strength of his own faith, and yet repels by sorrowful displays of uncharitableness, and the almost total absence of resignation. He seems to us always too much inclined to be denouncing hypocrites, instead of speaking discreetly like that intelligent scribe, the only man in the New Testament whom Jesus declared not to be far off from the kingdom of heaven. Ruskin disarms opposition by his evidences of labor, by his constancy, by his eloquence, by his insight, and by his obedience to, and clear exposition of some principles that are absolute and eternal. Ruskin is, in many respects, a kind of modern Dante: he is the prose expression of Dante's poetical feeling; he is equally bitter upon human nature, and equally sensitive to external nature, both of which he uses to reflect his own opinions and beliefs, as well as to express the resources of his consolation, such as it is, in this world.

* *The Harbors of England*: by J. M. W. Turner, with letter-press, by John Ruskin.

We only comment thus, because we never take up one of his works without finding the thoughts above indicated following close upon his thoughts as we read them. Ruskin is, nevertheless, a true poet or a seer—a term he seems to like best; he sees and thinks to *great purpose*. Say what we will, we love Ruskin for his earnestness, keen perception and intense feeling—the elements of his eloquence, and if we do not believe all which he claims to be true, we like him for the truth there is in him.

As the truth and poetry, then, of personality, and as travellers' reports, we make extracts from the "Harbors of England," because it is a work not likely to be republished here, and also to disseminate thought and reflection, which should not be confined in the bonded warehouse of a costly English book. The very opening lines of this book exhibit in few words the sombre tone of Ruskin's feeling. He says:

"Of all things living or lifeless upon this strange earth, there is but one which, having reached the mid-term of human *endurance* on it, I still regard with unmitigated amazement. I know, indeed, that all around me is wonderful—but I cannot answer it with wonder:—a *dark veil*, with the foolish words, *NATURE OR THINGS*, upon it, casts its deadening folds between me and their dazzling strangeness. Flowers open and stars rise, and it seems to me they could have done no less. The mystery of distant mountain-blue only makes me reflect that the earth is of necessity mountainous; the sea-wave breaks at my feet, and I do not see how it should have remained unbroken."

That one word *endurance* reveals the conclusions he has come to in regard to man's earthly sojourn. No joy, no delight, no sympathy, no affection. We infer by his tone that this earth seems to him a Sodom with not one righteous man to insure its salvation. Don't believe it, Mr. Ruskin! Fight out the good work courageously, and let your fellows see your countenance illumined, and your eyes flash with faith. We mourn to see a powerful intellect, and equally powerful moral purpose, divorced from any

"Blessed mood,

In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened,"

and we wonder that with an insight like Ruskin's that enables him to see so clearly "into the life of things," he is not

"Made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy."

But we must return to the one thing which he still regards with amazement upon this *strange* earth:

"And that is the bow of a Boat. Not a racing wherry, or revenue cutter, or clipper yacht, but the blunt head of a common, bluff, undecided sea-boat, lying aside in the furrow of beach sand. The sum of Navigation is in that. You may magnify it or decorate it as you will; you do not add to the wonder of it. Lengthen it into hatchet-like edge of iron,—strengthen it with complex tracery of ribs of oak,—carve it and gild it till a column of light moves beneath it on the sea,—you have made no more of it than it was at first. That rude simplicity of bent

plank, that can breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea, has in it the soul of shipping. Beyond this, we may have more work, more men, more money; we cannot have more miracle.

"For there is, first, an infinite strangeness in the perfection of the thing, as work of human hands. I know nothing else that man does, which is perfect but that. All his other doings have some sign of weakness, affectation, or ignorance in them. They are overfinished or underfinished; they do not quite answer their end, or they show a mean vanity in answering it too well.

"But the boat's bow is naively perfect; complete without an effort. The man who made it knew not that he was making anything beautiful, as he bent its planks into those mysterious ever-changing curves. It grows under his hand into the image of a sea-shell; the seal, as it were, of the flowing of the great tides and streams of ocean stamped on its delicate rounding. He leaves it when all is done without a boast. It is simple work, but it will keep out water. And every plank is thenceforward a Fate, and has men's lives wreathed in the knots of it, as the cloth-yard shaft had their death in its plumes. . . . In that bow of the boat is the gift of another world. Without it, what prison wall would be so strong as that 'white and wailing fringe of sea.' What maimed creatures were we all, chained to our rocks, Andromeda-like, or wandering by the endless shores, wasting our incommunicable strength, and pining in hopeless watch of unconquerable waves? The nails that fasten together the planks of the boat's bow, are the rivets of the fellowship of the world. Their iron does more than draw lightning out of heaven, it leads love around the earth.

"Then, also, it is wonderful on account of the greatness of the enemy that it does battle with. To lift dead weight, to overcome length of languid space; to multiply or systematize a given force, this we may see done by the bar, or beam, or wheel, without wonder. But to war with living fury of waters, to bare its breast, moment after moment, against the unwearied enmity of ocean,—the subtle, fitful, implacable smiting of the black waves, provoking each other on, endlessly, all the infinite march of the Atlantic rolling on behind them to their help,—and still to strike them back into a wreath of smoke and futile foam and win its way against them, and keep its charge of life from them; does any other soulless thing do as much as this?"

To attempt to answer this question would perhaps lead to controversy. Let us admit that the feeling of the writer is beautifully expressed. We ourselves wonder unceasingly at all the countless triumphs of man over other elemental forces besides water, and yet we must confess that his struggles with the power of the waves excites our wonder most, for the sea alone seems to retain its freedom, and hold, in a certain sense, equal dominion with man, by frequently deriding his skill, and asserting supreme authority within the precincts of its own realm.

Most cordially do we agree with Mr. Ruskin in his dislike of the "fast" element of human nature; as exemplified in the conversion of matter into fast machines.

"With those in whose eyes the perfection of a boat is *swift fragility*, I have no sympathy. The glory of a boat is, first its steadiness of poise—its assured standing on the clear softness of the abyss; and, after that, so much capacity of progress by oar or sail as shall be consistent with the defiance of the treachery of the sea."

Fast progress has always, in our experience of rapid locomotion, suggested more thoughts about the "treachery" of the matter and mind that conveyed and guided us, than of the element we were hastening over. Boats, horses, and rail-cars are all alike. *Speed is an evil*. No good comes of it; in it there is only the lowest description of enjoyment. The arguments of yacht-owners and horse-breeders in behalf of fine clippers and race-horses, that they develop fine ships and fine animals, is mere sportsman's sophistry. The race-horse possesses no beauty as a type; he is an elongated animal—an excitable, nervous quadruped—a fast "one idea," whose characteristics disappear when the animal is left to recover a harmonious position in his natural sphere. So with the clipper, whose sharp bow instead of always cleaving the waves in obedience to man's scientific cupidity, so often plunges beneath them, and tells him that his science has overreached itself. And the yacht, with every line of its rig and build indicating *strain*—too feeble for the tempest-wind or the majestic wave, and therefore adapted to the smooth surface and beautiful banks of rivers, harbors and sounds;—it must needs be constructed so as to fly swiftly by the charms of field, trees, and mountains, appealing so lovingly to the noblest sense of enjoyment, limiting the thought of those it bears on its deck to the one idea of speed—mere delight in the "overcoming of space." We are aware of our Quixotism and the charge we incur of "imitating Ruskin," by thus attacking the objects which so many of our people cherish as the most beautiful that eye can rest on. But we cannot help it. We prefer the noble horse in natural, instead of forced service, to his racing rival: we prefer the noble sloop to the pretty yacht. We have sat in a boat for hours on the Hudson, rocked by the gentle swell of its waves, watching vessels as they emerged from the gap in the hills above West Point, their white wings relieving upon the blue background of Butter Hill, as they neared our anchorage. We have seen both the yacht and the sloop side by side; the former with its wasp-like body, scarcely able to bear its disproportionate sails, and the latter approaching with all the lordly bearing and confidence which belongs to a useful purpose and appropriate means. We admired the nimbleness of the yacht, but we were impressed by the majesty of the sloop. But we could not account to ourselves for the difference made by the two vessels. We did not reflect upon the modest calling of the sloop, nor that the curve of its deck from bowsprit to stern-davits was more beautiful than a straight line; that its sails were of a size adapted to the broad, substantial hull, and not defiant of the winds by flaunting in their face an excess of canvas to provoke a contest of power: we felt the sturdy manliness of the sloop's bow as it rolled back the rushing foam from its cutwater, making, as the vessel passed, delightful harmony with the breeze, as it played through the rigging. We thought of its quiet, steady onward course in the midst of the lovely hills, making no effort to cheat the wind and gain a point, and we thought it a real delight to imagine ourselves upon its quiet deck and enjoying there the green shores, the water and its

trembling reflections, and the bright clouds over our heads. Who would envy the speed of the yacht and the restless mind of its navigator, by the side of that repose and harmonious motion which preserve a mental condition suited to dwell upon the glories of nature and its moral associations!

Ruskin has provoked us into an analysis of our own impressions, which act we accept as an evidence of having learned something. But we deprive our reader of better thoughts, and we therefore resume. Ruskin thinks

"That, compared with every other period of the world, this nineteenth century (or rather, the period between 1750 and 1850), may not improperly be called the Age of Boats; while the classic and chivalric times, in which boats were partly dreaded, partly despised, may respectively be characterized, with regard to their means of locomotion, as the Age of Chariots, and the Age of Horses.

"For, whatever perfection and costliness there may be in the present decorations, harnessing, and horsing of any English or Parisian wheel equipage, I apprehend that we can from none of them form any high ideal of wheel conveyance; and that, unless we had seen an Egyptian king bending his bow, with his horses at the gallop, or a Greek knight leaning with his poised lance over the shoulder of his charioteer, we have no right to consider ourselves as thoroughly knowing what the word 'chariot' in its noblest acceptation means.

"So, also, though . . . we English still know several things about horses, I believe that if we had seen Charlemagne and Roland ride out hunting from Aix, or Cœur de Lion trot into camp on a sunny evening at Ascalon, or a Florentine lady canter down the Val D'Arno in Dante's time, with her hawk on her wrist; we should have had some other ideas even about horses than the best we can have now."

And so think we, the same as we believe we should have different ideas about costume, if we could see the gracefulness of curve and fold, the volume of drapery of old times, and compare it with the artificialities of made-up forms and the flattened, stiffened plaits of "Starch."

"Down to Elizabeth's time chivalry lasted; and grace of dress and mien, and all else that was connected with chivalry. Then came the ages, which, when they have taken their due place in the depths of the past, will be, by a wise and clear-sighted futurity, perhaps well comprehended under a common name, as the ages of Starch; periods of general stiffening and bluish-whitening, with a prevailing washerwoman's taste in everything; involving a change of steel armor into cambric; of natural hair into peruke; of natural walking into that which will disarrange no wristbands; of plain language into quips and embroideries; and of human life in general, from a green race-course, where to be defeated was at worst only to fall behind and recover breath, into a slippery pole, to be climbed with toil and contortion, and in clinging to which, each man's foot is on his neighbor's head."

This, however, is a digression from the main subject of Boats. We cannot quote the entire essay, and for lack of space we can only glance at paragraphs. In continuation of the above paragraph, he says that, "it was not possible to starch the sea; and precisely as the stiffness fastened upon men it vanished from ships;" and the model of a vessel improved from "a mere raft, with

rows of formal benches;" to "the low hull familiar with overflying foam," and

"Through all its changes it gained continually in grace, strength, audacity and beauty, until at last it has reached such a pitch of all these, that there is not, except the very loveliest creatures of the living world, anything in nature so absolutely notable, bewitching and, according to its means and measure heart-occupying, as a well-handled ship under sail in a stormy day."

And the most fitting conclusion to this paragraph is what succeeds some reflections on coasting vessels (which we shall also presently extract). After these, namely, the coasting vessels.

"I find nothing of comparable interest in any floating fabric, until we come to the great achievement of the 19th century. For one thing this century will, in after ages, be considered to have done in a superb manner, and one thing, I think, only. It has not distinguished itself in political spheres; still less in artistical. It has produced no golden age by its reason; neither does it appear eminent for the constancy of its Faith. Its telescopes and telegraphs would be creditable to it, if it had not in their pursuit forgotten in great part how to see clearly with its eyes, and to talk honestly with its tongue. Its natural history might have been creditable to it also, if it could have conquered its habit of considering natural history to be mainly the art of writing Latin names on white tickets. But, as it is, none of these things will be hereafter considered to have been got on with by us as well as might be: whereas it will always be said of us with unabated reverence,

THEY BUILT SHIPS OF THE LINE.'

Take it all in all, a Ship of the Line is the most honorable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced. By himself, unhelped, he can do better things than ships of the line, he can make poems and pictures, and other such concentrations of what is best in him. But as a being living in flocks, and hammering out, with alternate strokes and mutual agreement, what is necessary for him in those flocks, to get or produce the ship of the line is his first work. Into that he has put as much of his human patience, common sense, forethought, experimental philosophy, self-control, habits of order and obedience, thoroughly wrought handiwork, defiance of brute elements, careless courage, careful patriotism, and calm expectation of the judgment of God, as can well be put into a space of 300 feet long by 80 broad. And I am thankful to have lived in an age when I could see this thing so done."

Those who live and move about in these sea-fortresses will gladly endorse their own affectionate regard for these structures by quoting Ruskin's eulogium of their craft; but their bravos will be more than counterbalanced by the sneers which the following declaration will excite:

"Of the polite tribes of merchant vessels, three-masted and passenger-carrying, I have nothing to say, feeling in general little sympathy with people who want to go anywhere; nor caring much about anything, which, in the essence of it, expresses a desire to get to the other side of the world. . . . Neither have I any interest in the higher branches of commerce, such as traffic with spice islands, and portage of painted tea chests, or carved ivory; for all this seems to me to fall under the head of commerce of the drawing room; costly, but not venerable. I respect in the merchant service only those ships that carry coals, herrings, salt, timber, iron, and such other commodities, and that have disagreeable odor and unwashed decks."

As we would stop to listen to solemn music in the midst of the din of city strife, let us pause upon the following tragic poem about the ship that carries "coals, herrings, salt, timber and corn," and that has "disagreeable odor and unwashed decks,"—the vessels "that live their life and die their deaths about English rocks."

"There are few things more impressive to me than one of these ships lying up against some lonely quay in a black sea fog, with the furrow traced under its tawny keel far in the harbor slime. The noble misery that there is in it, the might of its rent and strained unseemliness, its wave-worn melancholy, resting there for a little while in the comfortless ebb, unpitied, and claiming no pity; still less honored, least of all conscious of any claim to honor; casting and craning by due balance whatever is in its hold up to the pier, in quiet truth of time; spinning of wheel, and slackening of rope, and swinging of spade, in as accurate cadence as a waltz music; one or two of its crew, perhaps, away forward, and a hungry boy and yelping dog eagerly interested in something from which a blue dull smoke rises out of pot or pan; but dark-browed or silent, their limbs slack, like the ropes above them, entangled as they are in those inextricable meshes about the patched knots and heaps of ill-reefed sable sail. What a majestic sense of service in all that languor! the rest of human limbs and hearts, at utter need, not in sweet meadows of soft air, but in harbor slime and biting fog; so drawing their breath once more, to go out again, without lament, from between the two skeletons of pier-heads, vocal with wash of under-wave, into the grey troughs of tumbling brine; there, as they can, with slackened rope, and patched sail, and leaky hull, again to roll and stagger far away amidst the wind and salt sleet, from dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn, winning day by day their daily bread; and for last reward, when their old hands, on some winter night, lose feeling along the frozen ropes, and their old eyes miss mark of the light-house quenched in foam, the so-long impossible Rest, that shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more,—their eyes and mouth filled with the brown sea-sand."

We should like to continue further extracts of thought and feeling, but we must pass on to those portions of the book of somewhat artistic importance. Mr. Ruskin says that it has often been a matter of serious thought to him how far "great artists ought seriously to devote themselves to such perfect painting of our ships as should reveal to later generations the aspect of an ancient ship of battle under sail." He settles the matter by stating what we consider to be a great and conclusive principle, one bearing upon all Art,—a principle of the utmost importance to students and lovers of Art-works, namely, that—

"No great art ever was, or can be employed in the careful imitation of the work of man as its principal subject. * * * All noble art is the expression of man's delight in God's works; not in his own."

And then, lest there should be any misconstruction of his meaning, he adds:

"How! it will be asked, 'are Stanfield, Isabey, and Prout, necessarily artists of the second order because they paint ships and buildings instead of trees and clouds?' Yes, necessarily of the second order so far as they paint ships rather than sea, and as far as they paint buildings rather than the natural light, and color, and work of years upon those buildings. For, in this respect, a ruined build-

ing is a noble subject, just as far as man's work has therein been subdued by Nature's; and Stanfield's chief dignity is his being a painter, less of shipping than of the seal of time or decay upon shipping. For a wrecked ship, or shattered boat, is a noble subject, while a ship in full sail, or a perfect boat, is an ignoble one; not merely because the one is, by reason of its ruin, more picturesque than the other, but because it is a nobler act in man to meditate upon Fate as it conquers his work, than upon that work itself."

If our readers desire any further illustration of this principle, we refer them to the description of the old Calais tower, in the beginning of the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*.

Shipping, furthermore requires, as Mr. Ruskin says, "delicacies of drawing greater than exist in any other inorganic object," because the anatomy of vessels is more complicated than the human form itself, and

"They present, irrespective of sea or sky, or anything else around them, difficulties which could only be vanquished by draughtsmanship quite accomplished enough to render even the subtlest lines of the human face and form. But the artist who has once attained such skill as this will not devote it to the drawing of ships. He who can paint the face of St. Paul, will not elaborate the parting timbers of the vessel in which he is wrecked; and he who can represent the astonishment of the Apostles at the miraculous draught, will not be solicitous about accurately showing that their boat is overloaded."

In concluding our abstract of the book, we can only say that Mr. Ruskin further illustrates the subject by a brief glance at the Art-treatment of vessels in different periods, namely, The Mediæval, Early Venetian, Late Venetian, Late Roman, Dutch and the Modern Periods. He is very severe on Claude and Salvator in the late Roman period.

"The ships of Claude, having hulls of a shape something between a cocoa-nut and a high-heeled shoe, balanced on their keels on the top of the water, with some scaffolding and cross-sticks above, and a flag at the top of every stick, form, perhaps, the *purest* exhibition of human inanity and fatuity which the Arts have yet produced."

He speaks of the Dutch, as

"Having, in reality, never in all their lives seen the sea, but only a shallow mixture of sea-water and sand; and also never in all their lives seen the sky, but only a lower element between them and it, composed of marsh exhalation and fog-bank; they are not to be with too great severity reproached for the dullness of their records of the nautical enterprise of Holland." * * * Be it remembered, that men who cannot enter into the Mind of the Sea, cannot, for the same reason, enter into the Mind of Ships, in their contention with it; and the fluttering, tottering, high-pooped, flag-beset fleets of these Dutch painters have only this much superiority over the caricatures of the Italians, that they, indeed, appear, in some degree, to have been studied from the high-pooped and flag-beset nature, which was in that age visible, while the Claude and Salvator ships are ideals of the studio."

In the Modern period Turner is, of course, the master-artist of the Ship. The book consists of Turner's drawings faithfully engraved, and the illustrations should be in the reader's hand to verify the text. We make one extract to give an idea of

how Turner saw into the "Mind of the Sea."

"The Sea up to his time had been generally regarded by painters as a liquidly-composed, level-seeking, consistent thing, with a smooth surface, rising to a watermark on the sides of ships, in which ships were scientifically to be embedded, and wetted up to said watermark, and to remain dry above the same. But Turner found during his Southern Coast tour that the sea was *not* this: that it was, on the contrary, a very incalculable and unhorizontal thing, setting its 'water-mark,' sometimes on the highest heavens as well as sides of ships;—very breakable into pieces; half of a wave separable from the other half, and on the instant carriageable miles inland;—not in any wise limiting itself to a state of apparent liquidity; but now striking like a steel gauntlet, and now becoming a cloud, and vanishing, no eye could tell whither; one moment a flint cave, the next a marble pillar, the next a mere white fleece thickening the thundering rain. He never forgot those facts; never afterwards was able to recover the idea of positive distinction between sea and sky, or sea and land, steel gauntlet, black rock, white cloud, and men and masts gnashed to pieces and disappearing in a few breaths and splinters among them;—a little blood on the rock angle, like red seaweed, sponged away by the next splash of the foam, and the glistening granite and green water all pure again in vacant wrath. So stayed by him forever the Image of the Sea."

We recommend anybody at all interested in the study of Art—who desires to learn something about Art—to possess themselves of this book, "The Harbors of England." The text accompanying the plates is critical and explanatory, and when we say it is by John Ruskin, we refer our readers to a teacher the most attractive and edifying that ever brought remarkable powers to bear upon the study of Art and Nature.

GOOD TASTE.—The beneficial effects of good taste are to be found even where you least suspect its presence; it everywhere evidently excludes wanton superfluity, or useless expenditure in labor or ornament; it inculcates a wise and dignified economy; it prompts art to achieve its end, by the simplest means; it gives to the productions of mechanical skill all the durability and elegance of which they may be susceptible, by lending to them those forms, proportions, combinations of colors, and agreeable associations, which, because they are most simply and obviously fitted to their peculiar purposes, or are congruous to natural principles of man's physical or moral constitution, have pleased for ages, and will ever continue to please.—*Verplanch.*

A SIMPLE and modest man lives unknown, until a moment, which he could not have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities and generous actions. I compare him to the concealed flower springing from an humble stem, which escapes the view, and is discovered only by its perfume. Pride quickly fixes the eye, and he who is always his own eulogist dispenses every other person from the obligation to praise him. A truly modest man, emerging from his transient obscurity, will obtain those delightful praises which the heart awards without effort. His superiority, far from being importunate, will become attractive. Modesty gives to talents and virtue the same charm which chastity adds to beauty.—*Droz.*

Architecture.

OUR BUILDING STONES.

NO III.

No person, who took the trouble to look over our articles on building stones in the CRAYON for January and February, can question that, in the matter of durability when exposed to the action of the atmosphere, there are differences among stones as real and, perhaps, as great as those which distinguish different kinds of wood. The history there given was confined, indeed, to two families of the mineral kingdom. It is from the quarries of sandstone and of limestone that mankind, in all ages and countries, have chiefly drawn the materials of architecture. Such, undoubtedly, will continue to be the case. It is true that granite—were durability and strength alone to be considered—might claim primary rank in the estimation of the architect, as it does in the estimation of the geologist. But granite is not only *hard to work*, impracticable to the chisel, and therefore little fitted for the carver's use—it is also *hard to look at*. On its cold, grey surface the warm sunlight seems to be thrown away. The shadows that move over it are, like itself, ungenial and repulsive. Rain, which often beautifies other walls with its water-colors, as fair as they are evanescent, merely wets the wall of granite. Unlike some stones that we could name, its weather-stains are unbecoming; while Nature, conscious that the stern rock less needs her protection, is slow to spread over it her decorative mantle of moss.

These remarks do not apply equally to all the stones called granite. Their special reference is to the harder and darker kinds, such, for instance, as the Quincy granite, which is properly a sienite. When this quarry was first opened and made fashionable, it was for a time regarded in that region as almost the only material fit to be used. The lighter-colored and more-easily-worked granites, which are very abundant in that primitive country, were set aside as pale and poor. In Boston, all other stones were spurned. We well remember to have read, some fifteen years ago, the announcement in a Boston paper, that Trinity Church in New York was about to be rebuilt in great magnificence, with walls of Jersey red-sandstone. "Astonishing fatuity!" exclaimed the editor. "Why don't they send to Massachusetts for granite, and thus have a stone that is worth something?" Such, at that time, was the general feeling. Some years afterwards, brown-stone trimmings for doors and windows were introduced there. Their superior beauty soon triumphed over the old prejudice, and now brown-stone fronts are not uncommon in that city.

We have conceded that granite is durable. In general, it is but slowly and slightly affected by atmospheric influences. There is, however, one combination of forces before which it is powerless. When water falls on highly-heated granite, the result is instant destruction of the stone. This very important fact should make us cautious in using granite where there is any liability of exposure to fire.

There are structures of great importance for which granite is eminently fitted, and in which it will always be used. In the